



JOE JEFFERSON, JR.

The knot was tied by the venerable Rev. H. R. Halliday, formerly Henry Ward Beecher assistant pastor of Plymouth Church.

The bride wore a very becoming dress of steel blue-Henford cord, plain skirt, jacket and gloves to match. Veil of white satin, heavily embroidered in gold, hair, wrap and gloves to match, and carried a bouquet of roses and carnations.

The parlor was prettily decorated with pinks and flowers. The couple entered in a carriage, through a rear door, and walked to the front of the parlor, where the clergyman awaited them, and they were then married.

THE BRIDE.

Only the immediate relatives of the couple were present. Mr. Jefferson, "Rip Van Winkle," was there, as was also his wife.

The elder Jefferson was looking exceedingly well, and was as spry as a man only half his age.

Miracra Josephine and Maggie Jefferson, Charles H. Jefferson, who has been married

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the public at concerts. She has been a regular attendant at Plymouth Sunday-school as sang at its entertainments.

Miss Bender recently returned from a tour with "The Stepladder" company. Of course, now that she is married, she will retire from the stage. Her place in the company will be taken by her sister, Marion Bender.

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland, who are warm personal friends of the bride, sent a travelling clock as a wedding present.

**Just Like Those Brothers.**  
*[From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]*  
 Nell—I say, Jack, I've borrowed your waist-  
 ing stick, and one of your collars, and your  
 Eton cap. I go so dote on a masculine cut.  
 Think I look chummy like?  
 Her Brother—Well, I can congratulate you  
 so far—you don't look at all ladylike.

**A Good Excuse.**  
[From Puck.]

Pedestrian—What! You still begging for money to buy your dinner, when I gave you half a dollar an hour ago?

Beg—Ar—I know it, sir. But I could only buy one table d'hôte dinner with that, and I'm very hungry, sir.

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**Taking Him at His Word.**  
[From Puck.]

"What ought I to give you?" asked the waiter, as he put his hand in his pocket for a tip.  
"I leave it with you, sir," said the waiter politely.  
"Thanks; I can make good use of it," said the waiter. And the waiter was tipless.

With our food. Good health is too highly im-

nts

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